

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1873.

Vol. I. No. 8.

THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Office, Hadden Building, R. R. Avenue.

TERMS: One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, in Advance. Single Copies Four Cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS: A limited space will be devoted to first-class advertising. The rates will be found below, from which there can be no deviation. All advertisements should be plainly marked as to the length of time they are to be continued, otherwise they will be inserted until forbidden and charged accordingly.

Advertising Rates.

Space.	1w.	2w.	3w.	4w.	5w.	6w.	12m.
1 inch	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$6.00	\$12.00
2 "	1.50	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50	9.00	18.00
3 "	2.00	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	24.00
4 "	2.50	5.00	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	30.00
5 "	3.00	6.00	9.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	36.00
6 "	3.50	7.00	10.50	14.00	17.50	21.00	42.00
7 "	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00	20.00	24.00	48.00
8 "	4.50	9.00	13.50	18.00	22.50	27.00	54.00
9 "	5.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	60.00
10 "	5.50	11.00	16.50	22.00	27.50	33.00	66.00

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EVERY VARIETY OF

Plain and Ornamental Job Printing

TASTEFULLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED

At and Reasonable Rates.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST—FRANKLIN STREET.
Rev. J. B. Sturtevant, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M.

CHURCH (EPISCOPAL)—LIBERTY STREET.
Rev. Mr. Danner, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M. Sunday School, 2 P. M. Services Friday 7 P. M.

CHURCH (METHODIST)—BROAD STREET.
Rev. Mr. Spillmeyer, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN—BLOOMFIELD PARK.
Rev. Mr. Knox, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M. Sunday School from 12 M. to 1 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7 P. M.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN—FRANKLIN STREET.
Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M. Sunday School after morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7 P. M. Young People's Prayer Meeting Tuesday at 8 P. M.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Rev. Mr. Essler, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

WATKINSBURG M. E. CHURCH.
Rev. Mr. Bellinger, Pastor. Sunday services at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 2 P. M.

ROCK CHAPEL.
Sunday School and Bible Classes at P. M. Sundays. Also preaching at 7 P. M.

SOCIETIES.

BLOOMFIELD LODGE, No. 40, A. F. & A. M.
Meets in Masonic Hall, Railroad Ave. 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month. J. F. Wolcott, W. M.; J. A. Pressler, S. W.; J. Banks, J. P.; W. C. Chas. B. Peck, Secy.

OLIVE BRANCH LODGE, No. 51, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Wednesday evening over Harveys & Hayes's Hardware store.

BLOOMFIELD DIVISION, No. 47, S. O. F.
Meets on Wednesday evenings in Unanget Hall.

ENTERPRISE COUNCIL, No. 38, O. U. A. M.
Meets Friday evenings in Unanget Hall.

I. O. O. F. T. No. 148.
Meets Monday evenings in Unanget Hall.

BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Office open from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Money sent by Money Order, without danger of loss, to all parts of the United States, at the following rates:

On Orders not exceeding \$10.00, 5 cents.
Over \$10, and not exceeding \$20.00, 10 " "
" 20, and not exceeding \$30.00, 15 " "
" 30, and not exceeding \$40.00, 20 " "
" 40, and not exceeding \$50.00, 25 " "

Mails for New York, Northern, Eastern and Western close as follows:—

TIME OF CLOSING.
7 A. M., and 3 P. M.
The mails connect at Newark with the Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and through Southern, both morning and afternoon.

Foreign mails close at 3 P. M. on the day previous to the sailing of steamer.

Stamped envelopes and news-papers are sold to the public.

For the Post Office Department having provided perfect safety for the transmission of small sums of money, by Money Order or Registered Letters, it is hoped that persons having occasion to use the mails for remitting money, will avail themselves of the security thus afforded.

HORACE DODD, P. M.

N. B. & M. H. C. R. R.

BLOOMFIELD TIME TABLE, FEB. 1, 1873.
LEAVE BLOOMFIELD. LEAVE NEWARK, N. J.
BELLVILLE A. V. BROAD ST.

6:30 A. M. 2:30 P. M. 7:54 A. M. 3:54 P. M.
7:00 " 3:00 " 8:24 " 4:24 "

7:30 " 3:30 " 8:54 " 4:54 "
8:00 " 4:00 " 9:24 " 5:24 "

8:30 " 4:30 " 9:54 " 5:54 "
9:00 " 5:00 " 10:24 " 6:24 "

9:30 " 5:30 " 10:54 " 6:54 "
10:00 " 6:00 " 11:24 " 7:24 "

10:30 " 6:30 " 11:54 " 7:54 "
11:00 " 7:00 " 12:24 P. M. 8:24 "

11:30 " 7:30 " 12:54 P. M. 8:54 "
12:00 " 8:00 " 1:24 P. M. 9:24 "

12:30 P. M. 8:30 " 1:54 P. M. 9:54 "
1:00 " 9:00 " 2:24 P. M. 10:24 "

1:30 " 9:30 " 2:54 P. M. 10:54 "
2:00 " 10:00 " 3:24 P. M. 11:24 "

2:30 " 10:30 " 3:54 P. M. 11:54 "
3:00 " 11:00 " 4:24 P. M. 12:24 "

MONTCLAIR RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.
Trains for New York leave.

A. M. A. P. M.
Watching. 7:00 8:06 3:01 New York, 9:10 4:30 5:30

Montclair. 7:05 8:10 3:05 Jersey City, 9:25 4:45 5:40

Chest. Hill. 7:07 8:12 3:07 West End, 9:27 4:47 5:42

Bloomfield. 7:10 8:15 3:10 Kearney, 9:30 4:50 5:45

Montclair. 7:13 8:18 3:13 Newark, 9:33 4:53 5:48

Newark. 7:17 8:22 3:17 Montclair, 9:37 4:57 5:52

Kearney. 7:20 8:25 3:20 Bloomfield, 9:40 5:00 5:55

West End. 7:23 8:28 3:23 Chest. Hill, 9:43 5:03 5:58

Jersey City. 7:28 8:33 3:28 Montclair, 9:48 5:08 6:03

New York. 8:00 9:10 4:10 Watching, 10:34 5:33

Poetry

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD.]

ANNIE BELL.

BY W. H. B.

Once upon a summer morning,
(Memory keeps the record well),
Sat a lovely girl beside me,

Sixteen Junos of song and sunshine,
Flower and breeze, her life could tell—
All that morning seemed to meet in

Oh! her heart was large for loving!
Yet no evil thought might dwell
In that temple pure and holy—

Kind she seemed to all that's fairest,
And to all that's true and well,
In the glory of her girlhood,

Soft as ocean's murmured echoes
In the convoluted shell,
Spoke I,—blessing thee, the gentle

Maiden, may the loving Father,
Who in mercy doth excel,
Guide thee ever—guard thee ever,

Free from guile and free from sorrow,
Free from every passion fall,
Keep thy soul's unsullied whiteness,

Hating wrong, and scorning folly,
Every evil thing repel,
So with thee shall walk the angels,

And companioned so divinely,
May thy life with rhythmic swell,
Flow with chiming of angel music,

Love with sweetest ministrations,
In thy home forever dwell,
Filling it with airs from Heaven,

Be thy thought life's glad unmission,
Bliss beyond what verse can tell,
Be thy heritage forever,

Since that beautiful summer morning,
Years have passed—and who can tell
All the changes they have wrought in

Thou to me, didst seem a vision,
Which a moment might dispel;
But thy glories linger with me,

Ever since that summer morning,
In my memory thou dost dwell,
Sanctified by sweet affliction,

But in dreams I oft behold thee,
Loverless than my rhyme can tell;
Ripened to a perfect woman,

With the eyes that brimmed with laughter
Filled with deeper, holier meaning,

And thy voice to richer music,
Wedded—me and mine—some day,
When they seem like spirit echoes,

Sadder for the gift of wisdom,
Ever since our parting fell,
Still is found in sorrow's umbrage,

But with light serene and saintly,
(In such light do angels dwell),
Like an aureole round thee,

Sometimes with a sudden anguish,
Hear I in my dreams, a knell,
Tolling through the dreary chamber,

"She is dead"—the iron clangor
Echoed by my thoughts too well,
Still sounds on with the dreadful import,

Icy fingers seem to clutch me,
Mocking friends, with purpose fell,
Shriek responsive to that knelling,

What can mean these sad monitions,
Neither hope nor fear can tell,
But the loving Father keeps thee,

If on earth thy footsteps linger,
Faith rejoicing says, "thou wilt,"
For the loving Father keeps thee,

If thou wakest with the angels,
Through the groves of Asphodel,
Still the loving Father keeps thee,

So in Heaven some summer morning,
If I fight the good fight well,
I shall meet thee—I shall greet thee,

ANNIE BELL.

A Fable.

A volcano having discharged a few million tons of stones upon a small village, asked the mayor if he thought that a tolerable good supply for building purposes. "I think," replied that functionary, "if you give us another dash of granite, and just a pinch of old red sandstone, we could manage with what you have already done for us. We would, however, be grateful for the loan of your crater to bake bricks."

Oh! certainly; parties served at their residences. Then, after the man had gone, the mountain added, with mingled lava and contempt, "The most insatiable people I ever contracted to supply. They shall not have another pebble!"

He banked his fire, and in six weeks was as cold as a neglected pudding. Then might have been seen the heaving of the surface boulders as the people began stirring forty fathoms beneath.

When you have got enough of anything, make it manifest by asking for some more. You won't get it.

It is hardly safe for a man nowadays to try to do the civil thing by young ladies. There is no knowing how they may take it. A young man lately picked up a roll of newspapers dropped on the sidewalk by a lady, and hastened to restore them. He has been wondering ever since what the matter could be with that young lady's disposition.

A SAD STORY.

"Vat you doin', annie?"
"Writing letters," responded annie, who, with a bunch of envelopes and a quire of paper before her, was very deep in the business intently. Then a fat dimpled finger stole cautiously up, and touched a finished pile.

"One, two, free, four, amen!" counted Tiny, who always cherished the belief that "amen" stood for a full stop, and made use of it accordingly.

"Vat for you write letters, annie?"
"Oh, to send to my friends," replied annie, bending over her work, and speaking in a voice that seemed to issue from her eyebrows.

"Where is your friends?" persevered the child.

"Everywhere," said annie, who happened to be writing that word at the moment.

"Does letters go everywhere?"

"Yes," responded annie, absently.

"Would a letter go to papa?"

"Yes," said annie, again, who this time was in the very heart of a brilliant description and did not hear.

"How does this letter go?" urged she again, this time touching annie's elbow by way of experiment. This experiment, so far as annie was concerned, resulted in a bold, upward stroke, at an acute angle with the last "hair line," and she looked up, really out of patience at last.

"Oh, Tiny," she said, "what a little mis—" but she stopped suddenly. There was such a look of appeal in the soft blue eyes fixed anxiously upon her that she could not find it in her heart to visit any indignation on that small golden head, so she only kissed the rosy mouth and said, "Annie, you must not disturb her. Another day she will talk to you just as much as ever you wish. 'Here!' added she, observing the look of disappointment that stole over the sunny face; "see, I will make a letter of you, and send you to papa."

She took a postage stamp out of the little drawer, and, parting the flossy curls, pasted it right in the center of Tiny's smooth white forehead.

"I don't know how letters goes," said the baby girl chuckling delightedly, "Does they fly?"

"Letters don't 'goes,'" said annie, laughingly; "they go through the post-office. Now you slope and out comes the letter."

"Oh, yes! I know, I saw it—the post-office—me and mine—some day. It's down the corner, and around the ab'nut."

The clerk at the post-office heard a piping voice, and looking down, saw a strange sight—a tiny creature, no more than three years old, it seemed, with jockey hat awry, its sweeping plume tangled with golden curls, a postage stamp shining conspicuously in the center of a polished forehead, and wistful blue eyes turned up to him, glistening with a great hope.

"I want to go to papa," said the voice.

The clerk smiled. "Where is your papa?" he asked.

"Gone to God," said Tiny, solemnly.

The smile died out. They had sent many old parcels to strange directions through that office, but never one to that address, thought he.

"I am a letter, and I want to go papa," pleaded the child, her yearning eyes still fastened on his face.

"What is your name?" asked the clerk.

But at that moment a bustling business man, bound on the redress of some grievance, pressed forward and brushed her aside; she was drawn into the current of the people in at one door and out at the other, and before she could say another word, found herself in the street again.

There she stood irresolute. Her heart ached with disappointment; the passers-by jostled and bewildered her; she began to be afraid, and her eyes filled with tears. Suddenly there was a great outcry. The frightened crowd fled into doorways. A pair of runaway horses came dashing down the street. The people on the crossings rushed on to the sidewalk. No one noticed an unprotected little one standing there, with blanched face and eyes wild with terror; no one heard a feeble, wailing cry. A great burly boy, with a basket on his arm, pressed forward with blind speed, found something in his pathway and bore it down—then it was all over. The mad horses were down the street and far away. The relieved pedestrians came out of their places of refuge. Only one did not "move on."

A little lifeless figure, with wide open blue eyes, long, soft golden curls sweeping the curbstone, and dimpled hands thrown out—lay where it had fallen. The jockey hat had rolled from her head, its white feather was dragged in the dust, but the postage stamp still clung to the shining forehead. The crowd looked on, and noted with curious eyes. It had done its work well. Ah! the little "letter" had gone safely to papa and to God!

A Virginia editor has come to the conclusion that a man might as well undertake to hold himself at arm's length and then turn a double somersault over a church steeple as to attempt to publish a paper that will suit everybody.

Rain Water

Water in cisterns may be preserved pure and wholesome by letting the supply-pipe connect at the bottom of the cistern. The fresh water being heavier than that already in the cistern, will force the stale water to the top so that it may be used before it becomes offensive. It is well known, however, that cistern water becomes impure from the organic matter it contains, and if this can be got rid of by destroying its vitality and precipitating it to the bottom, it will leave the water pure. It is claimed that there is nothing better to effect this than permanganate of potassa, used in the proportion of about an ounce to fifty gallons of water. This causes the inorganic matter to sink to the bottom an innoxious sediment. But the permanganate must be continued as long as the water has a purplish appearance, indicating that the offensive matter has not all been precipitated. Though this is not a poisonous drug, and is, we believe, in no way hurtful, still no more should be used than necessary. Care must be taken to have the cistern thoroughly cleaned at least twice a year, as well as the troughs upon the buildings supplying the water.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is no bitterness like self-reproach. The less wit a man has, the less he knows he wants it.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as in geometry.

The weakest spot in every man, is where he thinks himself to be the wisest.

He who makes an idol of his interest, will often make a martyr of his integrity.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.

The greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead he would draw his hat over his eyes.

When I am a man is the poetry of childhood; when I was young is the poetry of old age.

Truth will be uppermost, one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water.

Of all our infirmities, vanity is the dearest.

Usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveler just returned from abroad.

He that loseth wealth, loseth much; he that loseth friends, loseth more; but he that loseth himself, loseth all.

As sins proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money, for the purpose of circulation.

Let your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk but they do shine. A light-house beats no drum, it beats no gong; and yet far over the water its friendly light is seen by the mariner.

He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is living, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead; and by an egotism that is suicidal and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter.

When a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious manner, he was answered, that there was no royal way to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or money, but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

INTERESTING TO FREEMEN.—The following paragraph, which we clip from the Troy Times, is of interest to our firemen:

Fire Commissioner Hall has invented a new style of nozzle for throwing water in inaccessible places. The nozzle, instead of being straight, is inclined to an angle of a little less than forty-five degrees, through which water can be thrown on a fire between floors by cutting a small hole in the floor and inserting the pipe. The invention was tested by the Read steamers boys Saturday afternoon, and worked successfully. Its use will prevent the great damage done to buildings by flooding them with water, where the fire is between the ceilings or in the studding.

Fashion Notes.

Etruscan cloth is a new dress material woven from linen thread.

"Stove pipes" are going out of fashion for ladies' riding hats, and the cavalier beaver, with a long ostrich plume, is now the correct thing.

Impenetrable lovers are now urging the "admirable object" to share an "island home," with an eye to San Domingo probably.

White neckties for full dress are now worn very wide; our fathers wore just such neckties, and we shall soon be back to the "stock" of our grandfathers.

The most striking change of caprice which Dame Fashion has lately displayed is in the costume which has risen to the very top of the head, and we may soon expect to see the gigantic pyramids of hair worn by our great grandmothers, since, when a new fashion is brought up, or an old one revived, it is sure to be carried to an extreme; as witness the hoops and pailers of a few seasons ago.

How to Cure a Cold.

One of our citizens who has been troubled with a severe cold on the lungs, effected his recovery in the following simple manner: He boiled a little boneset and horehound together, and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arms, and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he took all these off with an oyster knife in the afternoon, and slapped on a mustard paste instead. His mother put some onion drafts on his feet and then gave him a lump of tar to swallow. Then he put some hot bricks to his feet, and went to bed. Next morning another old lady came in with a bottle of goose oil, and gave him a dose of it in a quill, and an aunt arrived about the same time from Bethel, with a bundle of sweet fern which she made into a tea, and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts. After dinner his wife, who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in doctoring, on Franklin street, gave him two pills of her make, about the size of an English walnut and of a similar shape, and two tablespoonfuls of home-made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half-pint of hot rum at the suggestion of an old sea captain in the next house, and steamed his legs with an alcohol bath. At this crisis two of the neighbors arrived, who saw at once that his blood was out of order, and gave him a half gallon of spearmint tea, and a big dose of castor oil. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pill, wrapped around his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers burnt on a shovel in his room. He is now thoroughly cured, and full of gratitude. We advise our readers to cut this out and keep it where it can be readily found when danger threatens.—Danbury News.

What a Boy Knows About Girls.

Girls are the most unaccountable things in the world—except a woman. Like the wicked flea, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over the improper fractions, and the teachers say I do it first-rate; but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that lites their case is the double rule of two. They are as full of old Nick as their skin can hold, and they would die if they couldn't torment somebody. As pushy, though they ain't as mean as they look on except sometimes, and then they are good deal meaner. A girl can sew more wild oats in a day than a boy can sow in a week, but she can't get any more out of her head than a boy can get out of his. I don't care how many tricks they play on me—and they don't care either. The hoytosity girls in the world can always boil over like a glass of soda. By and by they will get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull as steadily as an old stage-horse. That is the beauty of them. So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a decent man of the fellow they have spiced on to, and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The first news-carrier. Noah's Dove.
New York sawdust in boxes continues to bring large prices in the West.

Why do honest ducks dip their heads under water? To liquidate their little bills.

Who was the straightest man in the Bible? Joseph, for Pharaoh wanted to make a ruler of him.